

Sergeant of the Guard

The Lieutenant recited
the Pentagon's reasons
for the war, tactical

and patriotic. Off
to the sack I, recalling
not word one, but shaken up
a few steaming hours later.

My sheet jerked away:
"Oooooo look at that!
Didn't know you cared."

I haven't been here that long, I told him,
who only had a job to do. "I'll help you
wake up the new guards--most're Koreans
and they don't answer."

We went to their tent and barked out
Kims and Hongs, finally having to wake
everybody. "No Kim, he Kim, I no Kim , he..."

Afterwards, with morning sky
in bars of blue and gold, beautiful,
I had a cigar with the Lieutenant
outside his filthy hut.

Who invented this total fuckup?
"God, they tell me," he puffed
a blue cloud upwards.

Do you believe that utter shit you lectured on?
"I must. St Augustine said faith is believing
what you can't see. The reward of faith
is seeing what you believe."

Well fuck him too! More doubletalk. Anyway, all
those Kims. I know one, Gaspump, the tall
one. We have to nickname them all. I know
our cook, Trajee, the only other one.

"That's a Korean nickname. Means pig."

